THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST," etc

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"We'll fix it up later, Blacklock," said he.

"All right," said I. And from that minute I was almost silent. It was something in her tone and manner that silenced me. I suddenly realized that I wasn't making as good an impression as I had been flattering myself.

When a man has money and is willing to spend it, he can readily fool himself into imagining he gets on grandly with women. But I had better grounds than that for thinking myself not unattractive to them, as a rule. Women had liked me when I had nothing; women had liked me when they didn't know who I was. I felt that this woman did not like me. And yet, by the way she looked at me in spite of her efforts not to do so, I could tell that I had some sort of unusual interest for her. Why didn't she like me? She made me feel the reason. I didn't belong to her world. My ways and my looks offended her. She disliked me a good deal; she feared me a little. She would have felt safer if she had been gratifying her curiosity, gazing in at me through the bars of a cage.

Sam—not without hesitation, as I recalled afterward—left me with her, when I sent him to bring her brougham up to the Broadway entrance. As she and I were standing there alone, waiting in silence, I turned on her suddenly, and blurted out: "You don't like me."

She reddened a little, smiled slightly. "What a quaint remark!" said she.

I looked straight at her. "But you shall."

Our eyes met. Her chin came out a little, her eyebrows lifted. Then, in scorn of herself as well as of me, she locked herself in behind a frozen haughtiness that ignored me. "Ah, here is the carriage," she said. I followed her to the curb; she just touched my hand, just nodded her fascinating little head.

"See you Saturday, old man," called her brother friendlily. My lowering face had alarmed him.

"That party is off," said I, curtly. And I lifted my hat and strode away.

As I had formed the habit of dismissing the disagreeable, I soon put her out of my mind. But she took with her my joy in the taste of things. I couldn't get back my former keen satisfaction in all I had done and was doing. The luxury, the tangible evidences of my achievement, no longer gave me pleasure; they seemed to add to my irritation.

I worked myself up, or rather, down, to such a mood that when my office boy told me Mr. Langdon would like me to come to his office as soon as it was convenient, I snapped out: "The hell he does! Tell Mr. Langdon I'll be glad to see him here whenever he calls." That was stupidity, a premature assertion of my right to be treated as an equal. I had always gone to Langdon, and to any other of the rulers of finance, whenever I had got a summons. For, while I was rich and powerful, I held both wealth and power, in a sense, on sufferance; I knew that, so long as I had no absolute control of any great department of industry, these rulers could destroy me should they decide that they needed my holdings or were not satisfied with my use of my power. I was surprised when Langdon appeared in my office a few minutes later.

He was a tallish, slim man, carefully dressed, with a bored, weary look and a slow, bored way of talking. I had always said that if I had not been myself I should have wished to be Langdon.

His expression, as he came into my office, was one of cynical amusement, as if he were saying to himself: "Our friend Blacklock has caught the swollen head at last." Not a suggestion of ill humor, of resentment at my impertinence—for, in the circumstances, I had been guilty of an impertinence. Just languid, amused patience with the frailty of a friend. "I see," said he, "that you have got Textile up to 85."

He was the head of the Textile trust, which had been built by his brother-in-law and had fallen to him in the confusion following his brother-in-law's death. As he was just then needing some money for his share in the National Coal undertaking, he had directed me to push Textile up toward par and unload him of two or three hundred thousand shares—he, of course, to repurchase the shares after he had taken profits and Textile had dropped back to its normal 50.

"I'll have it up to 98 by the middle of next month," said I. "And there I think we'd better stop."

"Stop at about 90," said he. "That will give me all I find I'll need for this Coal business. I don't want to be bothered with hunting up an investment."

I shook my head. "I must put it up to within a point or two of par," I declared. "In my public letter I've been saying it would go above 95, and I never deceive my public."

He smiled—my notion of honesty always amused him. "As you please," he said, with a shrug. Then I saw a serious look—just a fleeting flash of warning—behind his smiling mask; and he added carelessly: "Be careful about your own personal play. I doubt if Textile can be put any higher."

It must have been my mood that prevented those words from making the impression on me they should have made. Instead of appreciating at once and at its full value this characteristic and amazingly friendly signal of caution, I showed how stupidly inattentive I was by saying: "Something doing? Something new?"

But he had already gone further than his notion of friendship warranted. So he replied: "Oh, no. Simply that everything's uncertain nowadays."

My mind had been all this time on those Manasquale mining properties. I now said: "Has Roebuck told you that I had to buy those mines on my own account?"

"Yes," he said. He hesitated, and again he gave me a look whose meaning came to me only when it was too late. "I think, Blacklock, you'd better turn them over to me."

"I can't," I answered. "I gave my word."

"As you please," said he.

Apparently the matter didn't interest him. He began to talk of the performances of my little two-year-old Beachcomber; and after 20 minutes or so, he drifted away. "I envy you your enthusiasm," he said, pausing in my doorway. "Wherever I am, I wish I were somewhere else. Whatever I'm doing, I wish I were doing something else. Where do you get all this joy of the fight? What the devil are you fighting for?"

He didn't wait for a reply.

I thought over my situation steadily for several days. I went down to my country place. I looked everywhere among all my belongings, searching, searching, restless, impatient. At last I knew what ailed me—what the lack was that yawned so gloomily from everything I had once thought beautiful, had once found sufficient. I was in the midst of the splendid, terraced pansy beds my gardeners had just set out; I stopped short and slapped my thigh. "A woman!" I exclaimed. "That's what I need. A woman—the right sort of woman—a wife!"

IV.

A CANDIDATE FOR "RESPECTABILITY."

To handle this new business properly I must put myself in position to look the whole field over. I must get in line and in touch with "respectability." When Sam Ellersly came in for his "rations," I said: "Sam, I want you to put me up at the Travelers Club."

"The Travelers!" echoed he, with a blank look.

"The Travelers," said I. "It's about the best of the big clubs, isn't it? And it has as members most of the men I do business with and most of those I want to get into touch with."

He laughed. "It can't be done."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Oh—I don't know. You see—the fact is—well, they're a lot of old fogies up there. You don't want to bother with that push, Matt. Take my advice. Do business with them, but avoid them socially."

"I want to go in there," I insisted. "I have my own reasons. You put me up."

"I tell you, it'd be no use," he replied, in a tone that implied he wished to hear no more of the matter.

"You put me up," I repeated. "And if you do your best, I'll get in all right. I've got lots of friends there. And you've got three relatives in the committee on membership."

At this he gave me a queer, sharp glance—a little fright in it.

I laughed. "You see, I've been looking into it, Sam. I never take a jump till I've measured it."

"You'do better wait a few years, until—" he began, then stopped and turned red.

"Until what?" said I. "I want you to speak frankly."

"Well, you've got a lot of enemies—a lot of fellows who've lost money in deals you've engineered. And they'd say all sorts of things."

"I'll take care of that," said I, quite easy in mind. "Mowbray Langdon's president, isn't he? Well, he's my closest friend." I spoke quite honestly. It shows how simple-minded I was in certain ways that I had never once noted the important circumstance that this "closest friend" had never invited me to his house, or anywhere where I'd meet his up-town associates at introducing distance.

Sam looked surprised. "Oh, in that case," he said, "I'll see what can be done." But his tone was not quite cordial enough to satisfy me.

To stimulate him and to give him an earnest of what I intended to do for him, when our little social deal had been put through, I showed him how he could win $10,000 in the next three days. "And you needn't bother about putting up margins," said I, as I often had before. "I'll take care of that."

He stammered a refusal and went out; but he came back within an hour, and, in a strained sort of way, accepted my tip and offer.

"That's sensible," said I. "When will you attend to the matter at the Travelers? I want to be warned so I can pull my own set of wires in concert."

"I'll let you know," he answered, hanging his head.

I didn't understand his queer actions then. Though I was an expert in finance, I hadn't yet made a study of that other game—the game of "gentleman." And I didn't know how seriously the frauds and fakirs who play it take it and themselves. I attributed his confusion to a ridiculous mock modesty he had about accepting favors; it struck me as being particularly silly on this occasion, because for once he was to give as well as to take.

He didn't call for his profits, but wrote asking me to mail him the check for them. I did so, putting in the envelop with it a little jog to his memory on the club matter. I didn't see him again for nearly a month; and though I searched and sent, I couldn't get his trail. On opening day at Morris Park, I was going along the passage behind the boxes in the grand stand, on my way to the paddock. I wanted to see my horse that was about to run for the Salmagundi Sweepstakes, and to tell my jockey that I'd give him $15,000, instead of $10,000, if he won—for I had put quite a bunch down.

In one of the boxes I spied my shy friend, Sammy. He was looking better than I had ever seen him. Less heavy-eyed, less pallid and pasty, less like a man who had been shirking bed and keeping up on cocktails and cold baths. He was at the rear of the box, talking with a lady and a gentleman. As soon as I saw that lady, I knew what it was that had been hiding at the bottom of my mind and rankling there.

Luckily I was alone; ever since that touch I had been cutting loose from the old crowd—from all its women, and from all its men except two or three real friends who were good fellows straight through, in spite of their having made the mistake of crossing the dead line between amateur "sport" and professional. I leaned over and tapped Sammy on the shoulder.

He glanced round, and when he saw me, looked as if I were a policeman who had caught him in the act.

"Howdy, Sam?" said I. "It's been so long since I've seen you that I couldn't resist the temptation to interrupt. Hope your friend'll excuse me. Howdy do, Miss Ellersly?" And I put out my hand.

She took it reluctantly. She was giving me a very unpleasant look—as if she were seeing, not somebody, but some thing she didn't care to see, or were seeing nothing at all. I liked that look; I liked the woman who had it in her to give it. She made me feel that she was difficult and therefore worth while, and that's what all we human beings are in business for—to make each other feel that we're worth while.

"Just a moment," said Sam, red as a cranberry and stuttering. And he made a motion to come out of the box and join me. At the same time Miss Anita and the other fellow began to turn away.

But I was not the man to be cheated in that fashion. I wanted to see her, and I compelled her to see it and to feel it. "Don't let me take you from your friends," said I to Sammy. "Perhaps they'd like to come with you and me down to look at my horse. I can give you a good tip—he's bound to win. I've had my boys out on the rails every morning at the trials of all the other possibilities. None of 'em's in it with Mowghli."

"Mowghli!" said the young lady—she had begun to turn toward me as soon as I spoke the magic word "tip." There may be men who can resist that word "tip" at the race track, but there never was a woman.

"Mowghli!" said Miss Ellersly. "What a quaint name!"

"My trainer gave it," said I. "I've got a second son of one of those broken-down English noblemen at the head of my stables. He's trying to get money enough together to be able to show up at Newport and take a shy at an heiress."

At this the fellow who was fourth in our party, and who had been giving me a nasty, glassy stare, got as red as was Sammy. Then I noticed that he was an Englishman, and I all but chuckled with delight. However, I said: "No offense intended," and clapped him on the shoulder with a friendly smile. "He's a good fellow, my man Monson, and knows a lot about horses."

Miss Ellersly bit her lip and colored, but I noticed also that her eyes were dancing.

Sam introduced the Englishman to me—Lord Somebody-or-other, I forget what, as I never saw him again. I turned like a bulldog from a toy terrier and was at Miss Ellersly again. "Let me put a little something on Mowghli for you," said I. "You're bound to win—and I'll see that you don't lose. I know how you ladies hate to lose."

That was a bit stiff, as I know well enough now. Indeed, my instinct would have told me better then, if I hadn't been so used to the sort of women that jump at such an offer, and if I hadn't been casting about so desperately and in such confusion for some way to please her. At any rate, I hardly deserved her sudden frozen look. "I beg pardon," I stammered, and I think my look at her must have been very humble—for me.

The others in the box were staring round at us. "Come on," cried Sam, dragging at my arm. "Let's go."

"Won't you come?" I said to his sister. I shouldn't have been able to keep my state of mind out of my voice, if I had tried. And I didn't try.

Trust the right sort of woman to see the right sort of thing in a man through any and all kinds of barriers of caste and manners and breeding. Her voice was much softer as she said: "I think I must stay here. Thank you, just the same."

As soon as Sam and I were alone, I apologized. "I hope you'll tell your sister I'm sorry for that break," said I.

"Oh, that's all right," he answered, easy again, now that we were away from the others. "You meant well—and motive's the thing."

"Motive—hell!" cried I in my anger at myself. "Nobody but a man's God knows his motives; he doesn't even know them himself. I judge others by what they do, and I expect to be judged in the same way. I see I've got a lot to learn." Then I suddenly remembered the Travelers Club, and asked him what he'd done about it.

"I—I've been—thinking it over," said he. "Are you sure you want to run the risk of an ugly crooper, Matt?"

I turned him round so that we were facing each other. "Do you want to do me that favor, or don't you?" I demanded.

"I'll do whatever you say," he replied. "I'm thinking only of your interests."

"Let me take care of them," said I. "You put me up at that club to-morrow. I'll send you the name of a seconder not later than noon."

"Up goes your name," he said. "But don't blame me for the consequences."

(To be Continued.)

"YOU'RE BOUND TO WIN AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU DON'T LOSE."

PEOPLE TALKED ABOVT

GOVERNOR QUITS UNDER FIRE

Herbert James Hagerman, the governor of New Mexico, who has resigned his office while under investigation by the legislature concerning his part in alleged extensive land frauds, is only 34 years old and one of the youngest governors in the country.

The charge is that the governor, without the knowledge and consent of the commissioner of public lands, delivered to the Pennsylvania Development company a deed for 7,000 acres of timber land; that he took the seal of the commissioner and unlawfully affixed it to the deed, that the land is worth from $25 to $100 an acre, but was sold at only three dollars an acre, that the federal law at the time forbade the selling of more than 160 acres to any one purchaser, and that therefore the territorial institutions to which these lands belonged were defrauded.

Ex-Gov. Hagerman is a product of the west. Born in Milwaukee, he spent his boyhood in Colorado and his youth in New Mexico.

Hagerman was appointed in 1897 by President McKinley second secretary of the United States embassy in Russia. E. A. Hitchcock, now secretary of the interior, was then ambassador at St. Petersburg. It was largely due to his good work as secretary of the embassy, both under Mr. Hitchcock and later under Charlemagne Tower, that his appointment as governor was secured. Mr. Hitchcock urged the appointment upon President Roosevelt. Following as it did close upon that of another young man to a similar position, the inference was drawn that Mr. Hagerman secured his place through a former connection with the rough riders, as did the governor of Oklahoma, but this is a mistake.

TO HEAD THEOSOPHISTS

Mrs. Annie Besant of Benares, India, has been nominated as world president of the Theosophical society, to succeed the late Col. Henry Steele Olcott, the president-founder of the organization. Col. Olcott, who was an old New York newspaper man and a veteran of the civil war, died recently following his return to India from Chicago, where he had attended the annual convention of the American section. On his deathbed Col. Olcott formally named Mrs. Besant, who had for years been his co-worker, to succeed him, a prerogative he held. The nomination must be ratified by a two-thirds vote of the societies of the world and the vote is soon to be taken.

Mrs. Besant is a noted writer and lecturer. She was born in Ireland. Her brother is Sir Henry Wood, secretary of the Society of Arts of London, who came to this country in 1903 on business connected with the world's fair at Chicago.

Mrs. Besant has made three lecture tours of America. She founded the Central Hindu College for Girls at Benares, India, which has done wonderful work in raising the condition of the native girls of that country, and is its president.

The Theosophical society should not be confounded with the society at Point Loma, Cal., presided over by Catherine Tingley, which is an offshoot from the parent body. The Theosophical society was founded in New York city in 1875 by Mme. Blavatsky and Col. Olcott, and now has branches in all the principal cities of the civilized world. The headquarters of the society are at Benares, India.

TO PAINT KAISER'S SON

Mrs. Ruth Jewett Burgess, wife of Prof. John W. Burgess, Roosevelt lecturer at the University of Berlin, has been commissioned to paint a portrait of Prince Augustus Wilhelm, fourth son of Emperor William of Germany.

Mrs. Burgess was born in Montpelier, Vt., 42 years ago, and was the only child of Hon. T. P. Jewett, a leading banker and financier of Vermont a generation ago. Early in life she showed a decided talent for art, and this was fostered and developed. Thomas W. Wood, for many years president of the National Academy of Design of New York, who was a native of Montpelier and the founder of the Wood art gallery in this city, early took notice of Miss Jewett's talents and under his instructions she developed remarkable skill.

While in New York with her husband, when he was professor of constitutional and international law at Columbia university, she studied under William J. Whittemore and Kenyon Cox of that city.

During the past ten years Mrs. Burgess has been abroad several times, studying under the best art instructors and copying from the old masters in the famous galleries of the old world.

During the past winter while her husband was engaged in his duties at the University of Berlin, Mrs. Burgess has been copying several celebrated pictures in the Kaiser Friedrich museum and the Kaiser Friedrich Denkmal, the private galleries of the emperor. While engaged in this work her painting attracted the notice of Emperor William and the commission to paint the portrait of his son followed.

Mrs. Burgess inherited a large property from her father, much of which she has devoted to charitable purposes. She was much interested in the foundling of the Wood art gallery in Montpelier, Vt., which was presented to that city by Thomas W. Wood in the hanging there of more than 100 famous products of his brush. Prof. Burgess has been a trustee of this art gallery since its inception.

PEACE ADVOCATE HONORED

Baron D'Estournelles de Constant, one of the distinguished foreign representatives at the recent dedication of the enlarged Carnegie institute in Pittsburg, and who received the degree of LL. D. from the Western University of Pennsylvania, is one of the foremost authorities in the world on arbitration. He was a member of the first Hague conference, and is now one of the French members of The Hague court.

He is organizing the representative men of every nation into an international federation, whose motto is "My country's good through the peace of the world." The arbitration group in the French parliament, organized by him, has enabled France to conclude many treaties of arbitration.

Baron D'Estournelles some time ago invited a delegation of 100 from the United States congress to visit Paris and make a tour of France as the guests of his group.

Baron De Constant, who married an American woman and is a personal friend of Andrew Carnegie, is also a great admirer of President Roosevelt. At the time the British and German claims against Venezuela would have led to the use of military force but for his intervention the president demanded that the question be submitted to The Hague tribunal. Baron De Constant, a member of the tribunal, wrote to the president, thanking him for saving it from extinction. He has been French ambassador to Turkey and to England. He has been a senator of France and is an orator of note.

Just a Difference in Sound.

The difference between English and American methods of pronunciation often produces misunderstanding. The other day an Englishman who had just arrived at New York went to the Waldorf-Astoria. He was a bit lost for a minute just where to find the register book, the Waldorf office being divided into several departments, one for the "Information Bureau," another for "Letters," and so on. The Englishman finally stopped at one of the departments and inquired whether it was the desk of the hotel "clark." "No," was the reply, "this is the Waldorf-Astoria hotel." Through saying "clark" instead of "clerk" the young man at the desk had taken the Englishman to mean Hotel Clark.